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1864.

1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION, THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the
Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in
MONO COUNTY.

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THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

THE BEST OF
JOB PRINTING OF
EVERY
DESCRIPTION
AT THE
LOWEST RATES.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Heroic Conduct of a French Postmistress
During the Franco-German War.

The administration of posts and telegraphs of France has decided to add a grant to the subscription opened for the purpose of erecting a modest memorial to Marie Biard, who saved her country during the Franco-German war in a manner which the most unselfish person can hardly refuse to regard as heroic.

When the Prussians invaded the Department of the Seine-Inférieure during the campaign of 1870-71 Marie Clementine Biard, then aged twenty, acted as an assistant to her aunt, who was chief postmistress at Aufray. Postal communication was interrupted in the district by the invasion, whereupon Marie Biard carried the letters herself every night during a period of two months over a distance of about twenty-five miles, delivering them at various villages between Dieppe and Rouen.

The enterprise was full of pain and peril. The snow lay thickly on the roads and fields, the German patrols were everywhere, and in order to avoid them the girl was frequently obliged either to make long circuits or to lie hid for hours in a wood. She was arrested three times by the enemy, but succeeded in escaping on each occasion. After the war the Government offered, to promote Marie Biard, but she preferred to remain with her aunt. She died from rheumatism, contracted during her perilous nocturnal expeditions at the time of the war.

Just the Thing.

The newest walking-stick for men is one that bears the somewhat suggestive title of the "clubman's stick." It has a round head and looks like anybody's cane, but its peculiarity appears when its head is unscrewed, as it can be, disclosing a tiny electric light in a glass bulb. The stick of the title appears at once, says the New York Sun. No more sleight-of-hand performance with the key-hole when the busy clubman gets home late and tired. No more unhappy and disturbing stumbling through dark halls and into unlighted apartments. When the kindly office of the stick as an aid to walking has been fulfilled, the stick literally becomes a light unto his feet and a lamp unto his path.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Sailor Supposed to Have Been Drowned
Returns to Claim a Legacy.

William Lanark, a wealthy old farmer of Lanark County, died fourteen years ago, leaving eighty-four thousand dollars, the distribution of which was made the occasion of a lawsuit by some of the surviving members of his family, says the Toronto Globe. Among the male heirs was Stephen Holiday, a married son, who in 1864 left his wife and two children and went sailing on the schooner Ada Drake, which was lost in a heavy storm off Cleveland, and Holiday's family supposed he went down with the vessel. His widow subsequently married a Toronto man named Dornaba, and secured an order for the payment of Stephen's share of his father's money to her and her two sons. This was followed by an order that the money should remain in the court.

Four years ago Mrs. Dornaba, Stephen's wife, died, and lately Stephen returned to Canada and told of his miraculous escape from the wreck after being washed about the lake for hours lashed to a spar, and of being picked up by a propeller, after which he went to Honduras and Central America. He has been identified by his only surviving son and a neighbor who knew him years ago, and an order was made for the payment of his share of his father's estate.

Jewelry Going Out.

It is no longer de rigueur to wear a watch chain, and the man-about-town who desires to carry about with him a reminder of the fleeting hours must carry it without any gold chain attached, says the New York World. The waistcoat of the favorite outway is no longer to display an ornamental bunch of charms or a dangling souvenir of the skill of the jeweler. Fashion long ago declared that men must abstain from diamonds by night as well as by day, leaving a deep-cut solitaire, perhaps, for the little finger, but the new device against watch chains will fall with severity on very young men, who like to have a little jewelry to toy with in their hours of staidness posing. The fact is, however, that the dream of modes masculine is quite as absurd as the feminine edict that street dresses must sweep the pavement, and is quite as likely to be disregarded by sensible people.

TRADITION ABOUT BEES.

The Honey Bees Object to Being Kept by Overbearing Families.

There is probably no insect in which mankind takes more interest than the bee, says the London Standard, and there certainly is none around which so many superstitious have clustered from time immemorial. The important part of the very little bee has ever played in our domestic life, how its deeds have been sung by our poets and moralized on by our preachers, it is not proposed to dilate on here, but some of the current superstitions connected with it, though very amusing, may not be generally known. Primarily quarrelsome people, if introduced into the country and kept bees, are supposed to meet their way or their lives will soon become deserted. Bees, say so, and we believe are, very quarrelsome among themselves, but they strongly object, as say the country folk, to being in a contentious household. A quarrelsome family, we are assured, will get no honey, keep as many bees as they say. Another good example set by them is that they object to thrive if dishonesty comes by; on the contrary, they forthwith pine away and die, thereby showing a highly commendable respect for the eighth commandment. And if they must be stolen, neither must they be sold. To sell them for money is considered a most unlucky proceeding, but they may be bartered away, and all will go right.

A bushel of corn was always considered a fair equivalent for a swarm, or a small pig would be taken in exchange. So long as the bees are bartered they are happy, but to be "guilty of selling them for money" is more dreadful; evidently their self-respect is touched, and they refuse to work for an owner who has brought them into slavery. Their sympathy with mankind and his troubles were shown in a variety of ways. It is a common saying in Hampshire that bees do not succeed at all in storing up honey whenever there are wars abroad. A large bee-keeper says he has constantly noticed this during the last European war, though ordinary people will reflect that they can not remember any great scarcity of honey at those particular times. But the more commonly accepted belief is that the bees in certain cases share our troubles, and this is more particularly noticeable in connection with death.

In some districts the entrance of a humble-bee into a cottage is looked upon as a certain sign of death, and in others their swarming upon a piece of dead wood is regarded as equally ominous. A story is told of the wife of a respectable cotton living in Sussex who died in child-birth whose husband accepted the blow quite philosophically because he said they had been warned of the event a fortnight before her confinement. The woman went into the garden and saw that their bees in the act of swarming, had made choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. This is considered an infallible token of approaching death in the family, and in this instance it is more than probable that the prediction brought about its own fulfillment.

Informing bees of a death in the family is a custom still, we believe, practiced in many parts of England. The necessary formalities were very precise, and if they were not fully conformed with the bees would certainly take offense and leave their hives never to return. So universal was the custom a few years ago that an inquiry after a cottage's bees would occasionally elicit some such reply as this: "They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick, for we forgot to knock at the hives and tell them that he was gone dead." The answer would be given with as much gravity as if the speaker were relating how her hen roost had been devastated by a fox, or her pig had died of swine fever. If neighbors were talking of the death of a friend some one in the company would most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstance, and would be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives. A correspondent writing on this subject says this superstition is common among the small farmers of Dorset. He once knew an apprentice boy sent back from the funeral cortege by the nurse to tell the bees of his death had been forgotten, and, to make up for the omission, a little wine and honey was put in front of the hives as a comfort to the inmates in their presumable sorrow. In some districts the country people go even further than this. Not only do they, on a death occurring, dash their aprons with crepe after daily informing the inmates of the cause, but they invite the bees to the funeral.

How to Choose for Sleepy Men.

The well-known millionaire, ex-Congressman George West, of Ballston, N. Y., says he solves many of his most perplexing business problems while in bed, in the early morning hours. Commenting on the fact, he remarked that some one once told him that the late Commodore Vanderbilt had said: "Young men talk about getting up early in the morning to go to work. While they are pulling themselves at their desks over business propositions I lie abed, think them over, and find the solution before I go to the office." This confirms the conclusion of many others, that one's thoughts are clearer while he is in a reclining position than at any other time. This may be partly due to the fact that in the early morning the mind is rested, and one is usually free at that time from the distractions of the day.

CHANGES IN MEN'S DRESS.

New Time Adopts the Wearing Apparel of the Former Era.

The question of knee-breeches and buckles is again agitating the masculine mind, and if it had not been for the determination to snub Oscar Wilde, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who knows but that our men would have been launched in knickerbockers and silken hose ere now. A New York tailor declares that the past season has been the most significant one in fifty years, so far as the fashion of men's wardrobes is concerned, because it showed that the old-time and all-sufficient dress suit was losing its hold. The men have grown restless under the severe and rigid dress rules of former years; they have fairly rebelled against the water-like simplicity which has bound them as in a wall; they are moving toward more elaborate costumes and they'll get there before long. Says this fashionable orator: "Now that the dead-lock is broken it will only be a question of time when knee-breeches, buckled shoes and lace ruffles come in." Lawn tennis and bicycling suits have shown how becoming knickerbockers are, and during the past few seasons these suits have been worn in the country, at the seaside and the watering places by men who were never astride a wheel in their lives and who could not handle a racket if their salvation depended upon it. The minds of the men are set upon abbreviated trousers and the women favor them, so that settles it.

The changes in men's costume during the past few years have been very gradual, but noticeable. The first innovation was the satin collar or lapel for the evening coat and the low-cut waistcoat, then the white waistcoat, at first very simple and plain, but followed by the figured silks, sometimes of gaudy patterns and decorated with gold buttons, which often bore the monogram of the wearer. Some young bloods brought out the old waistcoats of their grandfathers and found them quite en vogue. Then came the plaid, stamped, embroidered and ribbed shirt fronts, which were almost universal for evening wear, and a few have since shyly disported ruffles. The high, straight collar has been replaced by a rolling collar. The coat tails have been rounded off and made smaller and the coats have been drawn in at the waist like those of the eighteenth century. Then, too, some men are beginning to wear corsets, and the fact can scarcely be concealed. It is well known that many of them have their shoulders built up in a manner which rivals the falsity and art of the modern belle, who by the way, is not nearly so tall as she used to be. Low pumps, embroidered hose and a dainty handkerchief complete the outfit, and the dandy of '88 would look very plain indeed beside the dude of '90, with his broad expanse of shirt front, his low-cut waistcoat, his loosely-tied cravat, his high-shouldered and tight-waisted coat and his fine embroidered handkerchief and hose.

STORE DETECTIVES.

They Have Become a Necessity in Dry Goods Houses.

The detective has become a permanent fixture in the big dry goods houses. None of the up-town establishments without a vigilant "fly cop," and many have as many as four or five men detailed to do this kind of duty at this time of the year, says the New York Star. These men in not a few cases were selected on the advice of Inspector Byrnes. The holiday season brings the shoplifters and the petty thieves, male and female, to the front, and they mingle with the crowds which throng the stores.

Pickpockets, too, find the busy stores a profitable field for their art. The detective, who, mayhap, is acting as floor-walker, or presiding with a tape and check book at some counter, has his eyes open for this element of the population. Many a "crook" feels a tap on his shoulder and hears a whisper in his ear to make a hurried exit.

The shoplifters give the detectives the most concern. Toys and small articles are tumbled about in confusion on the counters in the big stores, and while the girl attending is for the moment answering some inquiry, or busy herself with some detail of her work, the shoplifter essays to make a quick and bad haul.

The detective is on the lookout for this kind of customer, and few get farther than the door. If they escape one man, the scrutiny of another, near the entrance, will hardly fail to detect the shoplifter's suspicious actions. With all these precautions, however, the big stores annually lose a large sum through theft.

Relics of Old Rome.

The pickaxe can hardly be stuck anywhere into the soil of modern Rome without bringing to light some relic of the old Empire or the later Republic. While laying some water pipe the other day, says a correspondent, the workmen unearthed a fine bust in Carrara marble of the Emperor Faustina. The bust is quite unimpaired. In a vineyard belonging to the Capuchins a statue has been reconstructed which is recognized as a statue of the Goddess of Fortune. Ten feet below the surface in the Via Polia has been found an ancient Roman road which is undoubtedly the road that in early Roman times led from the city to the Flaminian gate. Thirty feet below the surface in another part of the city have just been found the remains of an old Roman house, parts of which are in a tolerable state of preservation.

RACING FOR LIFE.

A Retriever and an Alligator Swim Downstream a River.

"On a hot, sultry day," said the Colonel to a New York World man, "and within a few miles of Jacksonville, on a small tributary to the St. John's river, occurred one of the most sensational races for life and prey that have come under my notice."

"A party of gentlemen left Jacksonville last July on a sporting expedition, taking with them several valuable, well-trained dogs. The owner of a splendid retriever shot at and wounded a duck on the northern bank of the stream, which was about eighty yards wide. The wounded duck fell into a jungle on the opposite side and the dog went after, but could not find it. The dog had only left the further bank on his return, when suddenly the snout of an alligator rose above the water. The savior gave chase, while the gentlemen called the dog."

"The animal seemed to realize his peril and yelled while the alligator forged ahead. The cries of the party were continuous, and the dog swam his boat. The alligator did not dip one moment, but kept his eyes fastened upon the form of the dog. Not an inch seemed to be gained or lost by either. The race was matchless. The alligator attempted occasional sprints, making the water rush by in a snowy foam, and the dog, evidently equal to the emergency, would lay his ears back and speed along with astonishing swiftness."

"The middle of the stream was reached, and the distance between pursuer and pursued remained the same. The sportsmen began to fear that the dog would give out before they could get an effective shot at the alligator. Under the circumstances they could not fire for fear of killing the dog; besides, having only duck shot instead of ball, their chances of inflicting any damage upon the reptile were few."

"The dog swam anxiously, excitedly, fixing his eyes upon the group of men and the low shore. Only about thirty yards more, and if all went well the dog would be safe. The alligator changed his tactics. He would dip his snout slightly under the water, and in a wriggling way would make astonishing sprints, but did not seem to decrease the distance. After each sprint the alligator seemed to lose a little ground, but very little. At fifteen yards from the bank the size of the monster could be estimated. He was more than three yards in length. Every atom of energy was exerted by both. Cries rang out by the men. The excitement began to intensify—the alligator was gaining. The hunters did not relax their vigilance."

Suddenly a report was heard. It was a shot at the alligator from a fowling-piece. Headless of the noise, the contestants in the race kept on. Only a few feet and the dog would be a victim!

"In vain did the retriever try to lengthen the distance, to no purpose. The alligator was now gaining inch by inch. The dog was becoming inspired, possibly with too much fear, for he made several piteous yelping appeals for help. Seven yards nearer the bank, seven yards from the goal of hope and life for the dog, and still the race was going on with grim determination. Every hunter had his fowling-piece ready to discharge at the alligator as soon as he could do so with safety. The dog touched the sloping, water-covered bank of the stream, and with a wild cry of delight from the sportsmen and a yelp of joy from the dog, he soon was bounding on the shore. The determination of the alligator was so great that he stranded on the bank, but he rested there only for a moment. A second charge of shot were poured into him in a volley. He turned quickly and, with a spring, lashed the deeper water and dived into the depths of the stream."

A WONDERFUL PLANT.

The Seed Found in the Claw of a Crane.

A truly wonderful plant is at the Alleghany conservatory, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle. No one knows to what class it belongs or any thing about it. It is the subject of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the developments of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition.

The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view of learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends and its development was closely watched. It was transferred to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.

A Lawyer's Queer Notions.

A Chattanooga lawyer has peculiar views of the duties of policemen. He wrote about to Cincinnati for information about his missing son. He wants the policeman that finds him to obtain for him a situation in some lawyer's office, the boy being a good stenographer. The salary must not be less than \$10 a week. More than that, the officer is to see that the boy pays his board and behaves himself, and is then to report the lad's progress to his father.

CABINET.

UPHOLSTERERS.

CARRIAGE MAKERS.

HARDWARE.

STAND FOR CATALOGUE.



CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE LEE TRIAL.—The last juryman in the trial of Lee for the murder of Kainbort was sworn in at 10:45 Tuesday morning, when the Court took a recess till 1 o'clock, at which time the jury, composed of J. D. Dawson, E. B. Tinkum, James Powell, J. Whitwood, G. W. Vassile, O. Thivierge, R. A. Murphy, E. C. Hampton, L. D. Ladd, A. F. Bryant, W. H. C. Matthews and Fred. Glanz, listened to the opening statement of District Attorney Eddy for the prosecution. W. O. Parker then desired to make his opening statement for the defense, to which Mr. Eddy objected. After arguments and a short recess Judge Virden allowed him to make his statement, after which the taking of testimony commenced, George Delany, of Bodley, in whose saloon the tragedy occurred, being the first witness for the prosecution. The prosecution closed yesterday afternoon. After the Court had denied a motion to instruct the jury to retire and return a verdict of "not guilty," Mr. Parker made another motion, that the District Attorney be compelled to present all the witnesses to the homicide, and not be allowed to select only a few. Mr. Eddy stated that he was not conducting both sides, and if the defense desired, other witnesses it could have them. The motion was denied. When the Court adjourned at noon to-day Harry Butler was being examined for the defense. The trial will occupy the most of next week, as Parker is fighting hard for the defendant.

MASQUERADE BALL AT BODLEY.—The Bodley Fire Department will give a grand masquerade ball at Miners' Union Hall on Monday evening, the 23d, in honor of Washington's Birthday, which comes on Sunday this year. The masked balls heretofore given in Bodley were a grand success, and this will be no exception to the general rule, as Bodley's best citizens belong to its fire department, and they will exert themselves to make this ball a fine affair and an enjoyable one to visiting friends. The people of Bodley owe its firemen a debt of gratitude that they can never pay, but they can relieve them in keeping the department in a high state of discipline and efficiency by liberal contributions, and every business man, and property owner should purchase several tickets, and all others at least one ticket, which would be a substantial recognition of the services they have rendered, as her firemen have repeatedly saved Bodley from destructive fires. As there will be no formal observance of the Day here, we hope Bridgeport will be creditably represented, as our Bodley friends are liberal in attending Bridgeport entertainments.

"THE WHITEST MAN."—There are some men in Bodley who do not feel like advising all residents to "patronize home dealers," notably the butcher. Between sunset of the 5th, and sunrise of the 6th inst., two residents of Bodley footed it down the canyon, and, at the State line, bidding adieu to their numerous creditors, shook the dust of Mono county from their brogans, and passed into Nevada with light hearts and full purses. One of the skippers was a restaurateur as black as the ace of spades, who had, for the month ending the eventful 5th, purchased an extraordinary quantity of meat—the choicest cuts, regardless of expense. On "pay day," the good customer visited the shop, and, as usual, ordered the best. Upon his departure, the jolly Republican butcher said to a Free Trade Democrat: "There goes the Whitest Man in Bodley; he does not go outside to buy his meat." The next day the mad butcher, while the "whitest man" was tramping through Nevada, attached the effects of the "d—black nigger."

HOMESTEAD PATENTS.—Register Craig, of the U. S. Land Office at Independence, gives notice through his paper, the Inyo Index, that the following patents for Final Homestead Certificates have been received by him, and will be delivered upon the surrender of Duplicate Receipts therefor: 228, John H. McBride, Benton; 239, Lewis G. Gullikson, Colville; 242, Wm. Boardman, Colville—all in Mono county.

Too Bad.—This is Valentine's Day, and none of Love's misdeeds are to be found in our stores, the mercantile community having neglected to lay in a stock of Cupid's epistles, which gladden the hearts of the recipients—or makethem ignominiously mad. It is too bad!

St. Patrick's Day.—As usual, a masquerade ball will be given at Bridgeport on the evening of Tuesday, March 17th—St. Patrick's Day. Our people will make it a fine one.

THANKS.—For complimentary tickets of admission to the masquerade ball of the Bodley Fire Department to be given on the 23d, in observance of Washington's Birthday.

SCHOOL MONIES.—Treasurer Brown has been notified that the sum of \$2,281.37 has been apportioned to Mono county from the State School Fund.

THE CHRONICLE-UNION flag was hoisted on Thursday—Lincoln's Birthday.

PATTERSON MINING DISTRICT.

Patterson to the front! The Home-stake mine, owned by A. P. Sayre, has a three foot ledge of good ore. Mr. Sayre has some fifty tons of ore on the dump, and 1½ tons, that will mill \$1,000, which he will ship to San Francisco. Some time ago he shipped 3,000 pounds, which netted him over \$400, but the present strike is much richer, and is fifty feet lower down, in the tunnel run south from the bottom of Silverado Canyon. It is a good feature in this mine that it is in the bottom of a canyon and nearly 3,000 feet from the top of the mountain in which the Kentucky is situated and is supposed to be on the same ledge. This is better than to find a mine on top of a ridge, which is too often a surface lode, like a wedge.

Thomas O. Sharp is taking out ore from the old workings of the Thoroughbred mine for a run in the Monte Cristo Mill.

John H. Sheehan is working three men in the lower tunnel of the Kentucky to tap three bodies of ore above. Some of these are very rich, going into the thousands. It is all virgin ground.

The Monte Cristo has started up again after a short shut down. It looks better than now than ever.

B. T. Sorenson will soon commence work on the Theodore, which is on the same ledge as the Thoroughbred.

As a whole, the prospects of this District were never so flattering as now. The discovery in the Home-stake of richer ore in the lower tunnel is convincing as to the existence of permanent and defined mineral bearing ledges in that section of Mono county.

POLITICAL.—The Inyo Register, commenting upon our views relating to the proposed Legislative apportionment, says:

"Inyo and Mono combined need not worry about consultations if joined with Tulare. Their voices will be so effectively equaled that Tulare will do exactly as she pleases. The latter county cast at the last election 5,375 votes—what will the 1891 votes of Inyo and Mono counties avail? Neither can we figure out how Mono, with 533, and Alpine with 75 votes can cut any particular figure compared with El Dorado's 2,755. Mono's best chance would be to remain just as at present—if it were possible. Aside from the essential of population, we would like to hear some good reason for Monoites desiring any such new arrangement as is likely to be made. Can our coterm give it?"

The Register does not comprehend the situation. Population is overshadowed by majorities. It matters not whether Tulare and El Dorado polled each 10,000 or 2,000 votes—it is the majority to overcome, not the vote. At the last Presidential election, and that is a square party test, Tulare, with a vote of 5,189, gave Cleveland a majority of 381; and combined Inyo and Mono, with a vote of 1,327, gave Harrison a majority of 295—within 86 of Tulare's, El Dorado, with 2,837 votes, gave Cleveland 104 majority, and Alpine and Mono, with a vote of 861, gave Harrison 188 majority—54 more than El Dorado. Mono is happy and content with the proposed change, as both parties in El Dorado have always treated the associated counties honorably. As to dissolving political association with Inyo, Mono has good and substantial cause. After Mono had nominated Harvey Scope for the Assembly by a direct vote of the Republicans, Inyo backed him out of the canvass at the dictation of Alpine, and this at the eleventh hour, after the nominee had canvassed the entire county. And the Inyo Republicans refused to entertain the proposition to endorse Boone and give Alpine the candidature in '90. Mono was always a good Republican stand-by, and was entitled to recognition.

"THE OLD RUN."—As predicted, the Bodley paper has tumbled into the old rut from which young Morgan had headed it. The young man, however, let go and washed his hands, and hence here is the first result of the disaster:

"The average Mono county officer believes he is elected to own, not to serve in an office, and The People who elected him to serve as a servant are respectfully invited to go to hell."

Having "soured" on Bodley, and the "rest of mankind," it thus booms the town:

"A good many good buildings in Bodley are being pulled down and hauled out to be re-erected in other localities where they will do more good."

"Business in Bodley, and in fact throughout Mono county, to-day is even more prostrated than it was at this time last year, when the Standard mill and mine were shut down for months, and its seventy miners and millmen thrown upon the street. Our merchants and traders are just bringing in goods enough to fill the crannies in their stocks, and that is all. Earl & Co. sent in a small wagon load last Tuesday."

It is a random assertion about business "throughout Mono county." Business is, and has been good this Winter in Bridgeport, teams from Carson regularly supplying its merchants. The Bodley paper has yet to learn that if it cannot say a good word for its town, keep quiet. The only "business prostration" we have evidence of is that of the Bodley paper, the merchants and people of that town having been nauseated with those old-time circus jokes. An unprofitable visit to Sacramento, and the lunch of "cold shoulder" the Bodleyites gave him on his return has soured the Bodley libel against everybody and everything in Mono county.

Dentistry.

Alonso Hedges, Dentist, of Carson City, Nev., will be in Bridgeport on Monday, February 2d, to perform all kinds of dental operations. Will remain one month.

Try a reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

VIVISECTION.

An Object Lesson on the Movements of the Heart.

Vivisection is allowed under certain restrictions in New York State, says the New York Herald, and that paper gives the following account of Dr. John Green Curtis' operation on a calf to show his class the physiology of the heart's action:

Dr. Curtis was covered from neck to knee by a gown for protection from blood stains, and as he waved his hand to the janitor and his young assistants he looked not unlike some ancient high priest awaiting the victim of a sacrifice. The calf had already been strapped to a frame that conformed closely to the shape of his body. This was mounted on wheels to facilitate its easy movement in various directions. The other was given while the doctor talked, and he was frequently interrupted by a plaintive "bah!" or a deep sigh from his victim. He first performed tracheotomy and then resorted to artificial respiration, which was done by applying a piece of rubber hose from a stationary pair of bellows to the tracheotomy tube inserted into the animal's wind-pipe, and thus pumping in air, the other sponge being applied to the valve of the bellows, etherising all the air forced into the animal's lungs.

A triangular section of the ribs and cartilages and breast-bone was cut away and the parts directly beneath dissected from it carefully. Beneath was revealed the serous sac containing the heart and the roots of the great arteries. This is known as the pericardium. The professor deftly slit this open from bottom to top with a pair of scissors, and on opening it the heart, with its appendages, came to view. The motion of the heart as it beat, sending the fluid of life through the system, was thus shown, its right side being rather darker than the left from the venous character of the blood passing within, while the brilliantly colored arterial blood gave the left side its higher color.

"Observe," said the professor, "that the same action is taking place in both sides of the heart at the same time; the two ventricles contract and expand at the same moment and the long axis of the organ shortens in systoles and lengthens slightly in diastoles. In systoles its circular fibers slightly twist it, while in diastoles it untwists again."

"The circulation of the blood is best shown by the puncture of Harvey. This is to push a trocar into the ventricle, which, if blood is passing into it, will spur it out jet after jet in the air." After giving the class a good chance to study the heart's movement the professor plunged a hollow needle or trocar, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, into the left ventricle, and jet after jet came jumping out, driven by the pump-like action of the organ, thus showing that blood was being constantly forced on ward or kept in circulation by the contraction of the organ.

To complete the vivisection and to be sure that the animal should not suffer any pain the professor with his assistants now opened the back of the animal's neck and covered the medulla oblongata as high as the base of the skull. The heart ceased beating—the victim was dead. The animal had lived over an hour with its heart exposed, and so perfect was the vivisectioner's skill that the heart's action did not even seem to weaken in all that time, nor was there the slightest sign of pain.

CLUB EXPENSES.

What It Costs to Run the Fashionable Clubs of New York.

Few people outside of the governing bodies of the big clubs have any idea of the vast amount of money which it takes to run the larger New York clubs, says the Sun of that city. A club is not a money-making institution, and the governors aim to so give the charges for meals, wines, liquors, cigars, etc., as to sell them just a little above cost, but the receipts from the restaurants and cafe of a big club like the Manhattan or Union League are, nevertheless, enormous. Since the Manhattan Club took possession of the Stewart mansion its always famous cuisine—acknowledgedly the best in New York clubdom—has been more than ever in demand. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred members of the club dine there every night, and the night which is not marked by two or three private dinner parties is the exception. Including the receipts from the restaurant, the sale of wines, liquors and cigars, the income from billiards and other games, etc., the club has a revenue of nearly \$1,000 a day, exclusive of initiation fees and dues. There are more than 1,500 members of the club, and as each one pays seventy dollars a year for dues, the club thus nets the sum of about \$105,000 a year in this way, to say nothing of the aggregation of two hundred and fifty dollars initiation fees from incoming members. Take it all in all, the total receipts of the Manhattan Club for the coming year will probably be somewhere between \$400,000 and \$500,000. As all, or nearly all, of this money will be expended in running the club, it will be seen that it costs something like \$1,500 a day to maintain the Manhattan Club. Its most formidable rival, the Union League, is not so far behind in the way of receipts and running expenses. Last year the receipts of the Union League from all sources was \$308,638.60. So nearly were the receipts and expenses balanced that the outlay of the club for the same period was \$298,346.76. Of the total income, about \$115,000 came in the form of dues; \$19,500 from initiation fees; about \$23,000 from the restaurant; \$40,000 from the sale of wines and liquors; \$23,000 from lovers of the weed; \$30,000 for lodgings, and \$4,500 from billiards and other games.

Cells of the Brain.

The most complex of all the animal tissues is the brain. The fibers of one single optic nerve have been counted about a microscope to the number of about three hundred thousand. The number in the brain must therefore be immense. So with regard to cells; they are countless. No method of science has been able to count the cells in a single square quarter of an inch of the outside covering of the brain.

A FELINE SNAKE-KILLER.

An Alabama Cat That Was Death to Rattlesnakes.

"Rattlesnakes may charm birds, rabbits and dogs, but they can't charm cats." The speaker was George Stearnes, a farmer from Walker County, who was telling snake stories while waiting for a train at the depot. To prove his assertions Stearnes related the following incident:

He owns a large black cat, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, which kills every snake and lizard it can find. The other day he saw the cat creeping through the grass toward some kind of prey and watched it. A few feet away he discovered a large rattlesnake coiled ready to strike and its head-like eyes fixed on those of the cat. The head of the snake was making the peculiar swaying motion which is a part of the charm that brings birds and rabbits willing victims to the mouth of the hideous reptiles. Stearnes says he saw at a glance the snake was trying to charm the cat, and, as he was not much attached to the feline, he stood still to await results. With its body close to the ground, and its tail swaying back and forth, the cat continued to creep slowly forward. Its eyes were fixed on those of the snake, as though the two were testing their powers of mesmerism. Slowly and cautiously the cat crept closer and closer to the coiled reptile, and it really seemed for awhile that it had fallen a victim to the charming powers of the rattler. When within four feet of the snake it stopped, placed its feet in position for a spring, and remained motionless for an instant. The snake seemed surprised, and changed its position slightly. This was the opportunity the cat was waiting for. Quick as lightning the feline leaped and caught the snake by the neck with teeth and claws, and, after rolling over and over on the ground for two minutes, the snake was dead. The cat did not release its hold until long after the snake ceased to move, and then, as it walked away, would occasionally look back to see if there was any suspicious movement.

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Part of a Redwood Giant from Tulare for Chicago.

The section of the big redwood tree for exhibition at the world's fair at Chicago is from the largest and most perfect "Big Tree" in California, cut for the purpose from the mammoth forest in Tulare County, Cal. It measures ninety-nine feet in circumference at the base. The height of this monster specimen was 312 feet, being 172 feet to the first limb, which limb measures three feet in diameter. The tree is supposed to be nearly 3,000 years old, taking each concentric ring to be of one year's growth. It is to be taken from an altitude of 8,325 feet above the sea level, and thirty-three miles from the nearest railroad.

Ten expert woodsmen, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, have been cutting the tree since March 10. As this tree was taken from the midst of a dense forest, it was found necessary to build a road for four miles, as nothing but a trail existed, leading from the tree into the county road. In clearing a way nearly 400 ordinary-sized trees had to be cut down, huge rocks had to be blasted, a number of bridges built, and many other obstacles had to be overcome in order to land this giant of the forest at the nearest railroad point.

Part of the tree has been cut out and placed on hinges, so as to swing open and shut like a door. The interior has been hollowed to accommodate visitors, of whom over 100 will be able to enter and remain inside of the tree-trunk at the same time. This exhibit will have 350 incandescent electric lights.

THE NEW MONEY FAD.

Yet Another Queer Notion of Wealthy Women.

"Can you give me \$300 in new money?" inquired a young man at the teller's window in one of the big banks down town a few days ago. "Mr. — wants it for his wife."

"Certainly," replied the teller, recognizing in the applicant the confidential clerk of one of the bank's heaviest depositors. The money, says the New York Times, was handed out in clean, crisp tens and fives that had never been in circulation. After the young man had gone, the teller remarked to the writer: "That new money fad is on the increase. Just as soon as a man begins to feel a little tony he gets the notion that no member of his family ought to handle the solid and crumpled currency in general circulation. When the madame goes a-shopping she must have her purse filled with brand new bills. Many persons explain their mania for new money on the theory that there is contagion in the much-handled bills. They seek to keep disease away from their family circle by excluding, to as full an extent as possible, all money that has been in circulation. They keep a supply of new bills of various denominations constantly on hand, and the ladies of the household feel that they are thus well protected against contagion."

Most of the new money is procured directly from the banks, but there are frequent individual applications at the sub-Treasury for new bills and new coin. When the sub-Treasury has an abundance of small-denomination bills on hand such applications are unhesitatingly complied with.

The Partingtons.

The Maine Mr. and Mrs. Partington are still on deck, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. One lady just returned from Boston informs the neighbors that the rede "upstairs in a refrigerator and had her clothes washed at a foundry." A Maine man recently rose in a municipal meeting and solemnly announced that "for reasons unknown to himself he desired to resign." An old lady in Bath recently mortified her relatives intensely. At a grand dinner she overheard a lady guest politely answer to the wicker of the carving knife that "it was immaterial which portion she had." A tactless alien was passed up to her, and her old lady, after an appreciative glance, "guessed that she would have a small hunk off a the immaterial."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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